

# The BEACON



MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY



IF YOU SPIN THIS DISC LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND,  
TEN TWINKLING LIGHTS ON PAGE 1 WILL BE FOUND ;  
AND WE HOPE YOU WILL SAY THAT SURELY THE BEST  
ARE BEACON TREE LIGHTS, SENT WITH LOVE.

BEACON PRESS

# Goldilock's Xmas Bearies



By Alice Stevens

**CHARACTERS:** GOLDILOCKS.  
FATHER BEAR.  
MOTHER BEAR.  
BOBBY BEAR.  
JUMPING JACK.  
CLOWN.  
FRENCH DOLL.  
TWO BLOCKS.  
STORY BOOK.  
SANTA CLAUS.

**Scene:** The Three Bears' hut. The walls of the hut are made of logs. There is a four-paned window at the back frosted with snow and fringed with icicles. A dull light flickers in the hearth. Goldilocks is sleeping in a cot drawn up before the fire. A table set with the Three Bears' bowls is at one side, around which are placed the Three Bears' chairs. Mother Bear is stirring something in a bowl, Father Bear is looking over books in his bookshelf at the back, and Bobby Bear is hanging the Three Bears' socks and Goldilocks' stocking in front of the hearth while he softly chants rhymes.

**Bobby Bear:**

Father Bear's sock is big and wide  
Many presents here St. Nick can hide.  
And Mother Bear's stocking from tip  
to toe

Will be full of gifts from Santa I know.  
Goldi's stocking she'll find just right,  
Not too empty but full of delight!

What do you s'pose Santa will do for  
Bobby?

A teddy bear maybe, some toys and  
holly!

**Mother Bear:** Goldilocks is still asleep!  
I'm afraid she's quite sick from eating  
all the porridge in Bobby's bowl this  
morning.

**Father Bear:** On Christmas Eve—such a  
shame! We must do something to make  
her better.

(A Christmas wreath sprinkled with  
bright red holly berries plops suddenly  
down the chimney. Bobby tumbles  
backward with surprise.)

**Bobby:** By my fur coat—a Christmas  
wreath! (He picks it up.) Who could  
have dropped it down our chimney?

**Father Bear:** Why it's the wreath Santa  
Claus' reindeer wear around their necks.  
The berries are magic and have the  
strongest power in the world! It means  
Santa Claus has passed over our roof.

**Mother Bear:** The very thing to cure  
Goldilocks! I'll slip a few into this

broth and give her some. Pick me three  
of them, Bobby.

**Bobby:** The leaves aren't prickly at all!  
(He picks three and brings them to  
Mother Bear. Mother Bear stirs vigor-  
ously and brings the bowl over to  
Goldilocks. She holds up a spoonful to  
Goldilocks.)

**Mother Bear:** Wake up, Goldilocks dear,  
and take this good broth. It's full of  
magic berries and will have you well in  
a twinkle!

**Goldilocks:** Oh Mother Bear, I feel so  
sick—so sick!

(She sits up drowsily and takes a spoon-  
ful of the broth. She rubs her head  
dazedly for a moment, then sits up with  
a cry of joy as a rosy glow floods the  
stage.)

**Goldilocks:** The Three Christmas Bearies!  
You look just like three red holly  
berries. Hark! I hear the stamp of  
reindeer's feet on the roof—something  
tells me a wonderful thing is about to  
happen!

(There is the tinkle of sleighbells and a  
clatter of many children's feet from the  
chimney.)

**Bobby:** It sounds just like people coming  
down our chimney!

(The chimney swings open and a pack of  
live toys spring out. They are holding  
on to the reins of the sleigh and they  
dance around to the tinkling of bells  
and soft music off stage. Jumping Jack  
drives them from the rear with a silver  
whip.)

**Goldilocks** (clapping her hands): Oh,  
Santa's whole pack of toys has come  
down my Christmas Bearies' chimney!

**Jumping Jack** (hopping about): Merry  
Christmas Goldi and Three Bears! I  
think I was intended for Master Boy  
Blue, Suite 23 in the Haystack, but my  
stars, I'm glad we dropped down here!  
Excuse me while I jump around and  
stretch my legs!

(Jumping Jack hops behind the chairs  
and under the table and bounds out and  
repeats his antics.)

**French Doll:** Ma-ma, ma-ma!  
(She walks stiffly about.)

**Mother Bear:** Bless her heart! Isn't she  
the prettiest sight! Who's little doll  
are you going to be?

**French Doll** (taking out a tiny handker-  
chief jerkily and weeping into it):  
Mary-y Quite Con-trar-y's. She's so  
con-trar-y I'm a-fraid she won't like me.

**Goldilocks:** Oh, she couldn't help liking

you! Don't cry or you'll melt all your  
pretty cheeks away!

**Clown** (turning a somersault): Howdy,  
Goldi! How did the broth taste—good?  
You couldn't make as bad a face over  
it as I could!

(He pulls a comical face.)

**Bobby** (laughing): Good—show me!

**Clown:** No I can't. It's a business secret  
and besides I had a good start with my  
natural face.

(He winks impishly at them all.)

(*The Two Blocks* jump over each other  
leap-frog fashion.)

**Block P:** Merry Christmas, Three Bears  
and Goldi! Would you like us to build  
a house for you or make a word?

**Father Bear:** Make a Cross Puzzle Word  
in two letters spelling my name.

**Block A:** Here's the answer!

(They stand together and spell PA.)

**Goldilocks:** What clever blocks! What  
can you do?

(*Goldilocks* turns to *Story Book*.)

**Story Book:** Tell you a story. Take me  
on your lap, Mother Bear!

(*Mother Bear* sits down and taking  
*Story Book* on her knee, opens his  
pages.)

**Story Book:** "Fear not! For behold I  
bring you good tidings of great joy,  
which shall be to all people. For unto  
you is born this day, in the city of  
David, a Saviour, which is Christ the  
Lord. And this shall be a sign unto  
you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in  
swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

**Bobby:** And did they find the babe?

**Mother Bear:** Yes dear—and it is the  
sweetest story of all.

(There is another flourish of bells and  
*Santa Claus* hops out of the hearth.)

**Santa Claus:** So this is the chimney my  
Christmas wreath and pack of toys  
dropped down! I've been searching  
chimneys the world over! It's such a  
busy night and I was going 1000 miles  
an hour so I suppose they naturally  
bobbed off! Well—come dears—back  
up the chimney you must go!

(The toys join hands around the reins,  
*Santa Claus* at their head, *Jumping  
Jack* cracking his silver whip, and they  
jingle off and disappear through the  
hearth to soft music off stage.)

**Santa Claus** (calling back to them):  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a  
good-night!"

(The rosy light disappears and the cur-  
tain falls.)



We can't deliver our surprises to the McNutts today, so we'll give them a New Year's party."

Steve, like another cheery driver named Barkis, was willing, and without further ado, he reversed and made record time out of the canyon. Up the vague, precipitous trail toiled the horses, and the rough wind that was beginning to play tag with snowflakes, brought again and again the bugle call from the patch belonging to the new Beans.

Jenny never forgot her first glimpse of that good Scout, Bud Beans. He was perched on a pine stump, staunch hill herald in blue overalls, while from the small window of the rude cabin nearby a curly head nodded approval. At the astonishing advent of visitors the boy was momentarily speechless; but the girls' friendly smiles and Steve's casual greeting quickly won a boyish story that told a great deal more than Bud realized.

"Say, I'm sorry if I fooled you, but Midget has been plaguing the life out of us with her talk about Santy. It's fierce to disappoint a tike, but of course we've got no call to expect anything, specially with Pop out of work and Mom sick. So Polly told the baby this morning that Santy likely didn't know where we'd moved to, and, sir, if Midget didn't fret till I got out and nearly blew my head off to let the old gentleman know we were right here in Colorado!" Bud chuckled, though his eyes were wistful.

Joyce and Jenny were already emerging from their warm robes like vivid butterflies from drab cocoons. At Steve's remark concerning their visit to the McNutts, Bud exclaimed, "Oh, they've gone to Oregon! Went a couple of weeks ago." Bud's voice apologized for his tardy thought as he shyly invited, "Won't you stop and get warm?"

Just then a dark, gypsy-like head appeared at the window, then a tall slender girl called pleasantly, "Do come in and warm up!"

Jenny exchanged a few cryptic words with her companions and the surprise party was on. "We didn't know you were living here," Jenny told dark-eyed Polly who tossed a fresh pine knot on the fire and set about making the strangers comfortable.

"This is Mom," she tenderly patted the thin hand of the sweet-faced woman who occupied a cot near the fireplace, "and this is Midget." The elfin child with the flaxen fluff regarded the girls gravely, but favored Winkie with a winsome smile.

It developed that "Pop" was out for grouse and rabbit for Christmas dinner. The bare little cabin was spotless and bore pathetic witness to Polly's brave artistic attempts. There were clean window drapes

## Christmasing At Silver Crown

By Daisy D. Stephenson

Part II

**T**WAS the day before Christmas, and all through the house there was too much a-stirring to notice a mouse.

Winkie was glad, for the pantry mouse was his special secret. When everyone was so jolly and the shelves were jam-full of goodies, why shouldn't a wee gray visitor have a crumb in comfort? But Jenny kept a figurative touch on the weather's pulse, for the sun was sulking in his cloud tent, and both she and Steve were anxious to do their Christmasing before a blizzard blocked the way.

"I wish the McNutts would move their homestead over on a main road," Steve remarked drolly as he lifted the last Good-Will basket and box into the wagon and tucked the girls under warm robes.

"Hi, there!" squealed Winkie excitedly, and away went the spirited team as if they, too, tingled with holiday spirit. Everybody bounced at once. Steve had no well-defined road to follow, only an old trail that led across sage and sand into a rugged canyon. At the head of the canyon, Jenny told Joyce, they would emerge into a mountain park where nestled the humble cabin of the poor homesteaders. But tricksy Fate reserved a little surprise for the surprise party.

Of a sudden Steve halted the team with a dismayed, "Look what's here!"

"Oh, dear!" Jenny's experienced eyes took it in at a glance. "There's been a slide," she told Joyce who saw, instead of the rutty road, a mass of rocks and gravel with many broken pathetic trees, sacrificed in one of Nature's frequent hill upheavals.

"Well, that's that. It's blocked, and there's no way of getting around it figuratively or literally," the driver reported with finality after a scowling scrutiny from a boulder lookout. "It may have happened weeks ago in that snowstorm.

Anyway, nobody without wings will travel this canyon till the ruins are excavated."

"Of all the luck!" burst out Winkie, but Jenny refused to resign herself immediately. It was too exasperating to have their "best laid plans" dashed on Christmas Eve when every hour was precious. She knew the region as well as her brother and for a moment both pondered the problem.

"No can do," finally surrendered Steve unwillingly. "The only other way is to about face, take the north fork where we entered the canyon and corkscrew around Robin Hood's garage. We might reach the McNutt's by mid-afternoon. It's a tough trip on the team and we couldn't get home before dark." He thrust out a suspicious ungloved hand but Jenny had already received warning on her saucy nose.

"Yes, it's trying to snow," she admitted. "Oh, if it isn't a shame! The children will be so disappointed."

"Shush! What's that?" Winkie cocked an ear like a curious puppy. A strange sound had reached him, and as all waited tensely, it came again—the sweet distant call of a bugle such as Scouts love to play.

"How queer!" murmured Jenny. "There's no house up in the woods over the canyon that I know of."

Steve whistled. "Say! I'd clear forgotten those folks!" he confessed sheepishly. "Haven't been over this far since fall and I remember there's a new outfit. Moved from Nebraska for the mother's health. The father was going to work at the saw-mill, and—let's see—it was a funny name. Oh, yes! Beans. Several youngsters, too."

"Well, I hope it's been a good hill for the young Beans," laughed Jenny merrily. "There it is again! Steve," impulsively, "let's go up that far, can't we?"

of blue check; quaint braided rugs covered the floor, and in a far corner stood a little spruce, its own beauty yet unadorned.

An unmistakable odor from the tiny lean-to kitchen told of pinto beans simmering for supper. While they chatted, Polly excused herself and after a brief absence returned with medicine for her mother. Winkie and Midget were chattering like snowbirds over a Buster Bear book, and somehow it all came about simply. Steve and Bud went out to the wagon, reappearing with baskets and bundles and all the mysterious evidences of a happily transferred Christmas, and the wondering expressions on the faces of the cabiners thanked the surprise party amply.

"You wouldn't have imagined how nicely things fitted in," Jenny reported at dusk to a flatteringly attentive Mum and Dad. "Mum's pretty knitted hug-me-tight meant for Granny McNutt, is just the thing for Mom Beans. That warm red over-blouse I meant for little Mrs. McNutt will be simply stunning on Polly. The big doll I dressed for Mary McNutt will make Midget the happiest tot in America. Then the pocket knife and cap and story books wrapped for the McNutt boys—well, Bud deserves all and more. And they said Pop would be 'plum tickled' over the warm flannel shirts and tobacco."

Later Jenny found a chance to confide, as she and Mummy finished up in the kitchen, "Polly's an unusual girl, Mummy. She adores books the way you must have done when you couldn't go to college. Why, she fairly beamed with pride when she showed us her book shelf with about half a dozen besides textbooks on it. Yet she never expects to have a chance to go to school again. Mom Beans used to sing, Polly told me, so we sang some of our old carols and wasn't I glad I'd taken some new records for the old McNutt victrola, for I spied a little portable on the table. Dad has already promised to see that Pop Beans gets steady work, and I mean to send over a stack of books for Polly. You've plenty of grape juice and jelly to spare, haven't you, Mummy?"

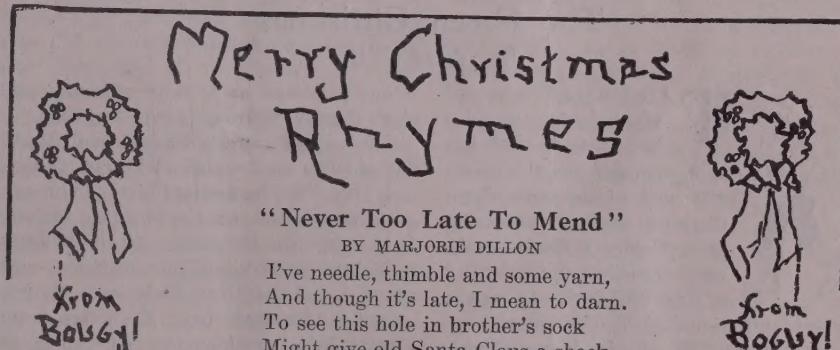
"Of course, dear."

Jenny's bonny face was serious as she continued thoughtfully, "Our Prexy is about the finest woman in the world next to you, I guess, and the last day in chapel she gave us a little chummy talk on opportunity, and what we American girls will have to make up our minds to choose. She put it like this: There's a true equation and a false one that people live by. Even the richest, most powerful people thought the equation went this way: Opportunity equals Privilege. She said that always meant selfish misuse or abuse of blessings and advantages that ruined whole lives. That's the wrong equation."

"And the true equation, Jenny?"

"Opportunity equals responsibility," said Jenny simply. "I'm just beginning

(Continued on page 73)



#### The Youngest Wise Man

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

The Wise Men brought their treasures—

Rich gold and many a gem,  
From far across the desert  
To lowly Bethlehem.

The camels bore the off'rings  
Of royal riders three;  
Rich gifts they brought to honor  
The King of prophecy.

Sweet 'nard and myrrh and incense  
The elder Wise Men bore,  
With jewels rare and costly  
From out their priceless store.

The third was young and joyous,  
And like an eager boy,  
Atop of all his treasure  
He placed a simple toy.

"A dog of tin?" His elders  
Rebuked him with a frown.

On pilgrimage so holy  
Should Wise Man play the clown?

The younger smiled, entreating,  
"My friends, do not condemn  
This simple toy I'm giving  
The child of Bethlehem!"

#### Pals

BY KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

I got up Christmas morning and I went to see my tree,  
And, oh, it was all laden with lovely things for me!  
There were so very many, I did not need them all,  
And so I took a basket and went to make a call.  
I took some gifts to Mary and some to little Al—  
And then I was so happy for I was Santa's pal!

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### Merry Christmas

BY THE EDITOR



ERE'S Christmas again! How our hearts bound with joy as the day draws near! Love's errands must be done.

There are secrets to keep. Surprises lurk on every hand, waiting to burst upon us Christmas morning. It is a hearty, happy, wholesome time.

It is far more than this, good as this is. The service of worship in the church school shows us the real meaning and beauty of the Christmas season. We are celebrating a wonderful birthday, a gift of God to our world. When Jesus was born, no one knew how great he was to become. A lowly stable sheltered him, the love of father and mother protected him. And now, that manger-bed becomes for us a shrine from which God's light streams. We treasure the beautiful tradition given us in story and carol, for it helps us to feel how wonderful the Child Jesus really was, how surpassingly great he became, revealing what God must be.

So for every member of our schools, young and old, may the star shine at this

Christmas time, guiding us to God's light and truth. May the shepherds' awe and wonder be in our hearts. May we bring gifts to offer to helpless little ones, as the wise men laid their treasures before the infant Jesus, and may we hear the song of the angels, and join with them in that loveliest message ever heard, "Peace on earth, good will among men."

The Editor hopes you have all taken part today in your Christmas service, singing its beautiful carols and joining with reverent hearts in the Scripture readings and prayers. Shall we all keep in our thoughts on Christmas Day, through the frolic of the Christmas tree and presents and games, that best-known Christmas prayer:

GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE.

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"There's no gong, Master Tad, at Christmas time," she said, "and you and Master Red are to have your dinner before the fireplace."

Tad went down and found Red lounging in front of the fire with a cheerful grin for Tad. The dinner was rather jolly Tad had to admit to himself and Red Blake was a good sort—but Coyote Falls—and a Yellow! On the strength of that Tad had gone back to his room almost immediately and now he was dozing at a late hour over one of Caesar's bridges in a studious spurt to make up some back work.

He tumbled out of his chair in a startled leap with the sudden, sharp rap on his door. On its heels without waiting for Tad's response, Red Blake flung in—his hair ruffled, his freckles powdered over with smoke and soot.

"There's a fire," he gasped, "down in the boiler room. Dr. Emery is away and I can't rouse the servants. I was down hunting up skis and I smelled smoke—it's got a good headway—I can't stop it alone—come on!"

Red dashed down the corridor with Tad at his back, who halted along the way to gather in two fire extinguishers fastened on the walls. A dense volume of smoke greeted them in the boiler room and Red tore off his shirt and knotted it over his nose as he shouted at Tad: "The fire's in the back corner—started with that pile of excelsior. Cover your face and try to fight through to it!"

Red had seized some burlap sacks and was beating fiercely at the flames. Tad screwed off the top of a fire extinguisher and turned it on the flames. But the chemicals were old and dry and it was quite useless. He saw Red now dashing back and forth from the laundry with pails of water, carrying on a single-handed fight. The top of the second fire extinguisher stubbornly resisted Tad's feverish fingers and it seemed that the minutes grew into years before he finally got the top off. The chemicals reacted miraculously, and the two boys soon had the flames under control—and in a half-hour more only smoking embers and blackened walls remained to tell the tale.

Molly and the other servants had roused and poured out blessings on the boys' heads, and salves and remedies on their burned hands.

"Sure, it's a Merry Christmas you made it for us," said Molly, lapsing into her deepest brogue. "Wait till Dr. Emery hears about it. And the grand Christmas breakfast I'll be giving you tomorrow. Go 'long off to bed now, me lads!"

Tad and Red climbed the long staircase wearily together and they paused outside Tad's door.

"Come in, won't you?" Tad urged gruffly. "Tubby's cot looks sort of lonely and the fourth floor is a long ways away!"

"Sure," Red grinned, and later, "Good-night," he called cheerily from Tubby's

## The Green Christmas

By Alan Hill

**T**AD PHILLIPS stared after the last crowded Routledge school bus as it turned down the driveway and disappeared down the road, with a final whoop from Tubby Williams as he rescued his bag from the end of Jim Wrigley's cane as the latter youth signalled Tad a farewell salute. A faint, "Yea, Tad,—Merry Christmas" floated back from the Greens on his corridor and echoed hollowly around his deserted dormitory room in Prince Hall.

Tad looked gloomily out at the quiet hockey yard and football field, and then he turned and looked at his bags, all packed and ready—to go home. Presents, neatly done up in tissue paper and tinselled twine glittered up at him. Tubby Williams, his Green room-mate, whose fat fingers were strangely clever with pencil, brush and knots, had helped him do them up when they had packed with noisy glee the night before! Then the telegram this morning: BUD ILL WITH DIPHTHERIA FAMILY QUARANTINED SPEND VACATION AT SCHOOL OR WITH FRIENDS LOVE DAD. Of course Tubby and Jim and Lovell and Punk had all promptly offered their homes, but Tad had felt that Christmas of all holidays meant home—better stick

it out at school alone than see some one else's family "Christmasing" together.

"The Head's a good scout and Molly will set you up to some slick grub Christmas Day," Tubby assured him. "You can get in some good practice shooting baskets in the Cage for the game with the Yellows in February, and you'll be off rules—and say, I heard that Red Blake was staying over for Christmas too. He comes from Coyote Falls or some other such place in Wyoming. Of course he's Lower Form and a Yellow—but he might not be a half-bad chap!"

Tad wondered about Red Blake. He'd noticed him out for football in the fall and heard that he was bright—had a corking poem about a "desert" in the Phoenix and was a ranking Yellow. He had red wiry hair, he remembered, and freckles, and a nice grin. But he was a Yellow, the traditional school division in all athletics, friendships, and social doings. One came to Routledge and was either a Green or a Yellow and that was all there was to it.

Tad turned again to the window and surveyed the brown-green field and bleak hillsides. "A green Christmas," he thought, "not even a snowflake or two to lighten it up. Well, I guess it will be a Green Christmas all right and spent with Tad Phillips and family!"

Molly came up and tapped on his door at dinner time.





etc. "Don't stay up too late listening for reindeer on the roof!"

"If I do," Tad rejoined seriously, "it'll be you I'll thank for saving the roof for them!"

Tad looked out into the night. The stars had gone out, but the school buildings stood like sentinels in the night, hung round with the tradition that both Greens and Yellows had given them. It didn't matter, anyhow, Tad thought; it had been a red-haired Yellow who had saved part of Routledge's pride and tradition, old Prince Hall, for Greens and Yellows both.

A soft flurry of snow started to fall quietly, tapping against the window panes and powdering the tops of the school buildings.

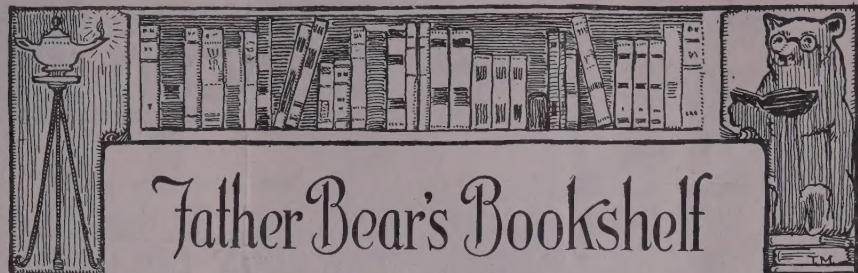
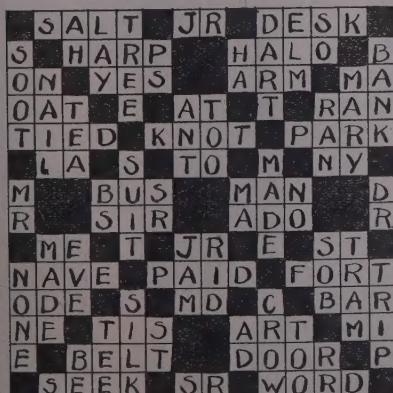
"A white Christmas after all and not a green one," thought Tad. "And best of all, a Merry one!"

(Continued from page 71)

to understand that. Here I'm so lucky, I have you and daddy and the boys, and a chance to go to school, and about everything I want or need—then there's Polly—well," she drew a long breath as she set away the last dish, "it's just up to me to make it easier for girls who are minus a lot of things I've always taken for granted."

"Here! You ladies stop twosying and let's have some games!" Steve poked in a tousled head and gave them a record broad grin. Winkie frolicked out and drew Mummy and sister into the circle of firelight. The storm that shook the doors and rattled the windows only drew the family at Silver Crown closer and tightened the bond of cheer and gladness that marked the spirit of the enchanted Christmas Eve. The vivid flames leaped upward and touched with rosy radiance the young folks who had already learned the mystic formula for happiness, never to be outgrown: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." THE END

Answer to last week's Cross Word Puzzle



## Father Bear's Bookshelf



"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!"  
A bundle of books he has  
on his back,  
And Father Bear like a  
pedler opens his pack!

The merriest o' merrys to you all! Here is PEPIN: A TALE OF TWELFTH NIGHT, for, let me see (Father Bear Christmas looks around and every one clutches for it—but wait a minute for he isn't through!) It's about little Pepin who goes to the great city of Paris in quest of the three Wise Kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. The story of the adventures he encounters along the way, the quaint legendary manner of telling the tale, brings forth a story of equal rank with the charming legend, "Why the Chimes Rang." The book moreover is beautifully illustrated by T. Matsubara who did the new headings for the front and back pages of *The Beacon* and other illustrations.

It's very bad to tell beforehand how stories end—but after all Christmas comes but once a year and so do chances to review stories of the caliber of PEPIN—"Perchance thou wilt remember, as I have done, this little tale of the lad Pepin, of how the Baron Gundebold did at length win his pardon; and of the feast which the good Duke Loys held wherewith to honor the Three Wise Kings who on this day of old did come riding from out the

East, seeking the little lord Jesus with their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh; Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar in their splendid purple mantles and crowns of gold, riding on camels all shining with scarlet trappings and tinkling with little silver bells, whilst overhead did shine and sparkle the wondrous Star that led them on to Bethlehem." The end. (Father Bear closes the book and chucklingly shuts his eyes while he hands it out to the first pair of hands that reach for it.) PEPIN: A TALE OF TWELFTH NIGHT. Eva-leen Stein. L. C. Page & Company. \$1.50.

And still another Christmas story, NAN'S CHRISTMAS BOARDER. This tale starts on board a train and continues happily and pleasantly to the very end. Nan takes into the bosom of her family, a little boarder, Mundy Bumpus, a real Arctic baby. Nan's own father, a famous Arctic explorer who was believed dead when ship after ship from the North failed to bring him back after his last hazardous exploration, comes back on Christmas Day, and wasn't there rejoicing in the Peterson household! Nan's Christmas present for the world in her happiness she desires to be a "wide-spreading apartment house around a big, grassy inside yard with a horse-chestnut tree in the center. At the four corners of the yard, there'll be Christmas trees growing. There will be a sign over the entrance that will say—'Only families who have children can live in this place.'" NAN'S CHRISTMAS BOARDER. Francis Margaret Fox. L. C. Page & Company. \$1.25 net.

### The Christmas Dinner Table

Mother Bear has often noticed that it is a bit hard to get the whole family assembled for the big Christmas meal after all the excitement and opening of presents in the morning, and it is even harder to attempt elaborate table decorations after the morning's confusion. But in the sketch above Mother Bear would give a few simple directions for the Christmas table ornamentation.

A miniature Christmas tree may be secured at any shop, already decorated, or it may be constructed from a bough of the Christmas tree itself and decorated with bits of odds and ends of tinsel and a few candles. Little favors, wrapped as



Christmas presents are placed under the tree, a crimson streamer tied to each one and attached to the place-card at each place. A single red candle, fastened to the card by a bit of melted wax, is the work of a few minutes; and bits of holly scattered about the table add to the general holiday effect.



Merry Christmas to you all! Do your Beacon-Christmas-Letter-Writing-early has been the motto of every one's correspondence that is printed in this week's column! So, good cheer to you all, and may your stocking be crammed with good things on the Big Day itself!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.



23 ATLANTIC ST.,  
WINTHROP, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I like *The Beacon* very much. I go to the Unitarian Church on Hermon St. Last year I went to Sunday School every Sunday excepting once; that was because my brother was sick and I went on errands for him. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. This Beacon is bigger than the ones we used to have. I read the letters in *The Beacon* all the time. My Sunday School teacher told me about you so I am writing to you to see if I can get a button. We are having a contest in Sunday School. If we have five red stars we get a gold star. I am writing to you to get a button and maybe a Beacon Club Award. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade.

Sincerely yours,  
KENNETH VAZQUEZ.

OCEAN BLUFF, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am very sorry to have to tell you I have lost my Beacon pin. I was very sad that day and a cloud came over my face but Mother said perhaps you would send me another so then I rejoiced and the cloud went away. I go to the Unitarian Church in Green Harbor. I like it very much. The minister is Mr. Pearce and I like him very much. Would you mind having somebody write to me. If you find anybody please write and tell me. My Sunday School teacher is Miss Peterson. She is very nice and she thinks *The Beacons* are very nice and I just love them. I have just finished the story, *With One Proviso*.

With love,  
ELLEN STETSON.

P.S. Please excuse my writing.

984-10th St.,  
OAKLAND, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck:—I get *The Beacon* on Sunday and I enjoy it very much. We have a table with four kinds of Sunday School papers and I always am sure to get *The Beacon*. I am 14 years old and I go to Lowell Junior High School. I would like some girl to write to me as I like to correspond with other girls. I would like very much to belong to your club. I will close hoping I have not asked for too much.

Yours sincerely,  
LAURA MCCLINTOCK.

125 ANAWAN AVE.,  
WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to belong to The Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and I like it very much and also I like the puzzles too. I go to the Unitarian Church in West Roxbury. My minister's name is Mr. Arnold and my Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Shaw. I am 13 years old and am in the 8th grade in school. We have formed a Junior Alliance and are working for a fair on November 22, 1924. My mother is president of our "Theodore Parker Women's Alliance." My brother belongs to The Beacon Club and I hope I will be a member.

Sincerely yours,  
ILENE CLAY.

Dear Cubs:—A Merry Christmas Beacon Club Award to two of our members, Louise Marshall, and Eleanor Fletcher!

*Ye-City-of Boston-Editor-to a Nation-of-Cubs.*

### A Treasure

BY ELEANOR FLETCHER

(Age 11)

Mary and Johnny were two daring little sea scouts. They loved to go down to the beach and hunt for stones and shells. One day Mary was digging and she struck something hard. She called Johnny and together they tugged and pulled and finally dug up a large box. They were very eager to find out what was in it. Johnny took his knife and they opened it. Inside they found beautiful stones and shells which probably had been there a good many years. Mary and Johnny were very happy because they had hunted and hunted for a long time for a collection of just such shells. They took them home and showed them to their mother. She was delighted to think that the children had found something they had long hunted for. They spent many happy hours with their new treasure.

### Winter's Coming

BY LOUISE MARSHALL

(Age 13)

The robins and bluebirds have all flown away, The branches are leafless and creak as they sway, The squirrels have gathered their winter store, For bright sunny days are here no more.

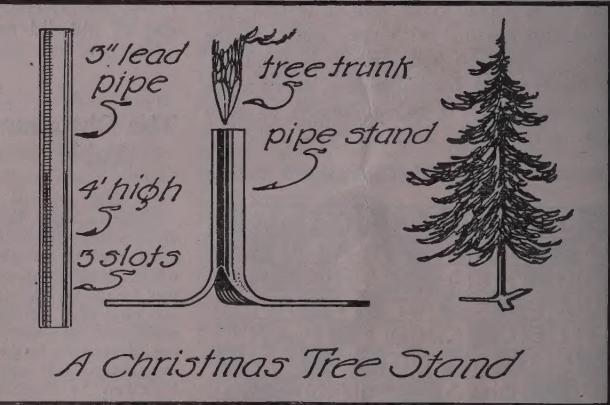


### A CHRISTMAS TREE STAND

BY G. EVERETT VAN HORN

Fires often result from a poorly constructed base for the Christmas tree, for they sometimes rock and tip about, making it easy for swaying candles to set fire to the decorations or to the tree. For this reason you should have a firm, square-bottomed stand for the tree which will keep it upright and steady. Wooden stands are quite satisfactory, but you will find the lead-pipe stand shown in the drawing to be one of the most simple and yet the most serviceable of all tree stands, for it is all in one piece. The weight of the lead pipe is one essential in the stand for it must be heavy enough to prevent any possibility of the tree's tipping over.

Take a piece of 3-inch lead pipe which is 4 feet long. Clamp the pipe in a vise and make three cuts from one end, each cut being  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet long. You will be able to cut the metal quite easily with a hack-saw. Bend out the strips thus formed and make them squarely at right-angles with the upright by pounding the strips with a hammer. Set up the stand and test it to see if it is rigid or if it tips a bit. After you have completed the pipe



stand, give it a coat of dark green enamel and set it aside to dry. When you fasten the tree to the stand, point the butt and drive it into the end of the stand with a few taps of the hammer at the base of the stand. Perhaps it will be necessary to saw a cut in the top of the pipe and spring it out a bit if the tree trunk is too large.

This lead tree stand will give satisfaction for several seasons, and can be always relied upon. Since the lead pipe can be picked up in almost any junk pile, there will be no expense save the enamel or paint, and that will be very small.

Christmas Puzzles for you all—  
Big and little, short and tall!

### TWISTED MOUNTAINS

1. Sesogv.
2. Lakbna.
3. Decaaacs.
4. Yimaalaah.
5. Nadse.
6. Luar.
7. Talsa.
8. Paneniesn.

MARY ALLEN.

### ENIGMA

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is the name of a girl.  
My 1, 2, 4, is the name of a month.  
My 5, 6, 7, 8, is something you use to break ice.  
My 9, 10, 11, 12, is the name of an automobile.  
My whole is the name of a movie actress.

GERTRUDE HARRENS.

### DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

Behead little, get a broad path.  
Behead again, get every one.

E. A. CALL.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11

TWISTED RIVERS—1. Rhone. 2. Danube. 3. Don. 4. Volga. 5. Ural. 6. Dnieper.  
BEHEADINGS—Harsh, Violent, Blame, Bread, China, Pear.

### Merry Christmas

BY MARJORIE DILLON

Bells are all a-tinkle, tinkle,  
Gay poinsettia glows with light;  
Silver stars a-twinkle, twinkle,  
Music tells of youth's delight.

Lilting laughter, ringing, ringing,  
Children brimming o'er with glee;  
Friendly greetings winging, winging—  
Christmas comes to you and me.